

MY LADY'S FAREWELL.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

Go forth, go forth, my dear,
The world is wide and free,
But do not let them know
Not that you are so true.
I know the cross upon your brow,
I know the tear upon your cheek,
Go forth upon the sunny shore,
And keep the faithful love.

Go forth, my heart's delight,
My own, my heart's delight,
This tear that thou behiddest
Shine not thy sorrow bright.
The Christian armor, bright as strong,
In which I made thee dress,
The sword, the bow, the mortal wound,
The breastplate, righteousness.

Go forth, my heart's delight,
And trust in God's dear grace,
That, every day renewed,
Thou'lt meet me face to face,
But if He not that portion give,
The so good knight die,
I, living as a true knight live,
We'll meet in Paradise. D. M. M.

A LIFE'S SECRET.

BY MRS. WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS,"
"THE MYSTERY," "EAST
LYNNE," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A DESCENT FOR MR. SHUCK.

Things were coming to a crisis. The men had done their best to hold out against the masters, but they found the effort was untenable—that they must give in at last. The prospect of returning to work was eagerly welcomed by the greater portion of the men. Rather than hold out longer, they would have gone back upon almost any terms. Why, then, had they not gone back before? It may be asked. Because they preferred to resume work with the consent of the Union, rather than without it. A few were bitterly enraged at the turn affairs were taking—of whom Sam Shuck was chief. With the return of the hands to work, Sam saw no field for the exercise of his own peculiar talents, unless it was in stirring up fresh discontent for the future. However, it was not yet finally arranged that work should be resumed. A little more agitation might be pleasant first.

It was a few white-livered fellows among themselves that have plotted it all," growled Sam, a knot of hitherto staunch friends, a day or two subsequent to that conjugal dispute between Mr. and Mrs. Dunn, which you had the gratification of assisting at in the last chapter. "When such men as White, and Baxendale, and Darby, who have held some away among you, turn sneaks, and go over to the nobs, it's only to be expected that you'll turn sneaks and follow. One food makes many."

"There's something unusual going on in the street," cried he. "Let's see what it is." They hurried out to the street. Sam leading the way. Not a general street to look upon that wintery day, taking it with all its accessories. Half-dressed, half-starved emaciated men stood about in groups, their pale features and gloomy expression of despair telling a pitiable tale. A different set of men entirely, to look at from those of the wicket to do not lacking old days of work, contentment, and freedom from care.

Being marshalled down the street in as polite a manner as was consistent with the occasion, was Mr. James Dunn. He was on his road to prison, and certain choice spirits of Daffodil's Delight, headed by Mrs. Dunn, were in attendance, looking and yelling at the captives. As if this was not enough cause of disturbance, news arose that the Dunn landlord, finding the house temporarily abandoned by every soul, a chance he had been looking for improved opportunity to lock the street door and keep them out. Nothing was before Mrs. Dunn and her children now, but the parish prison.

"I don't care whether it is the masters that have been in fault or whether it is us, I know which side gets the suffering," exclaimed a mechanic, as Mr. Dunn was conveyed by yond view. "Old Abel White told us true, strikes never brought nothing but misery yet, and they never will."

Sam Shuck seized upon the occasion to draw around him a select audience, and to hold forth to them. Treason, falsehood and pernicious thought it was, that he spoke, his oratory fell persuasively on the ear. He excited the men against the masters, he excited them to his utmost power against the men who had gone back to work, he inflamed their passions, he perverted their reason. Altogether, in feeling and excitement was smouldering in an unusual degree in Daffodil's Delight, and it was kept up through the live-long day.

Evening came. The bell rang for the cessation of work at Mr. Hunter's, and the men came pouring forth. The gas lamp at the gate shed a brilliant light, and the hands dispersed—some one way, some another. Those bearing words Daffodil's Delight became aware, as they approached an obscure portion of the road, which lay past a dead wall that it bore an unusual appearance, as if dark forms were hovering there. What could it be?

Not for long were they kept in ignorance. There arose a terrific din, enough to startle the unwary. Yells, groans, howlings, hisses, threats, were poured forth upon the workmen, and they knew that they had fallen into an ambush of the Society's men.

Of women also, as it appeared. For shrill notes and delicate words of abuse, certainly only peculiar to ladies' throats, were pretty freely mingled with the gruff tones of the men.

"You're not here, are you?" "Come on, if you're not cowards, and leave it out in a fair fight."

"A fair fight!" shrieked a female voice in interruption, "who'd fight with them? 'Fraid of 'em cowards! Knock 'em down and trample upon 'em!"

"Harness 'em together with cords, and drag 'em along like beasts of burden in the face and eyes of London!" Shook 'em up on 'spikes! Hoist 'em on the lamp-posts! Hoist 'em head downwards in a horse-trough! Pitch 'em into the water with quick lime and rotten eggs! Strip 'em and give 'em a coat of tar! Wring their necks, and leave done with 'em!"

While these several complimentary suggestions were thrown from as many different quarters of the assailants, one of them laid quietly hold of Abel White. There was little doubt according to what came out afterwards—that he and Robert Darby were the two men chiefly aimed at in this night assault. Darby, however, was not there. As it happened, he had turned the contrary way on leaving the yard, having joined one of the men who had lent him some of the money. He got his tools out of pledge, and went towards his home with him.

"If they cared for the life, they'd stop in doors, and not go a-nigh Hunter's yard again to work!"

Such were the words harnessed forth in a hoarse whisper into the ear of Abel White, by the man who had seized upon him. Abel peered at him as keenly as the darkness would permit. White was no coward, and although aware that this attack most probably had him for its chief butt, he retained his composure. He could not recognize the man—a tall man, in a large loose blue frock, such as is sometimes worn by butchers, with a red woollen cravat wound round his throat, hiding his chin and mouth, and a seal skin cap, its dark "ears" brought down on the sides of the face, and tied under the chin. The man may have been so wrapped up for protection against the weather, or for the purpose of disguise.

"Let me go," said White.

"When thou hast sworn not to go on work until the Union gives leave."

"I never will swear to, or say it."

"Then thou shalt get every bone in the body smashed. Thou'lt been reported to Mr. Shuck, and to the Union."

"I'd like to know your name, and who you are," exclaimed White. "If you are not disguising your voice, it's odd to me."

"I remember Baxendale's. He wouldn't take the oath, and he's lying with his ribs stove in."

"More shame for you! Look you, man, you can't intimidate me. I am made of sterner stuff than that."

"Swear!" was the menacing reply; "swear that thou won't touch another stroke of work."

"I tell you that I never will swear to," angrily and firmly returned White. "The Union has been tricked no longer, I'll have nothing to do with it."

"There he desperate man, as usual, then as won't leave ye with whole bones. You shall swear!"

"I'll have nothing more to do with the Union. I'll never again obey it," answered White, speaking calmly. "There! make your most of it. If I had but a friendly gleam of light here, I'd know who you are, and let others know."

The confusion around had increased. Hot words were passing every where between the assailants and the assailed, no positive assault, as yet, save that a woman had shaken her fist in a man's face and spit at him. Abel White strove to get away with the last words, but the man who had been threatening him struck him a sharp blow between the eyes, which caused the sparks to fly.

Another instant, and he was down. If one blow was dealt him, ten were from as many different hands. The tall man with the cap was busy with his feet, and it really seemed by the manner he went into the position, that his whole heart went with it, and that it was a heart of revenge.

But who is this pushing his way through the crowd with stern authority. A policeman! The men shrunk back in their fear, to give him place. No, it is only their master, Mr. Clay.

"What is this?" exclaimed Austin, when he reached the point of battery. "Is it you, White?" he added, stooping down. "I suspected as much. Now, my men," he continued in a stern tone, as he paced the excited throng, "who are you? which of you has done this?"

"The ringleader was him, in the cap, sir—the tall one with the red cloth round his neck, and the fur about his ears," spoke up White, who, though much maltreated, retained the use of his brains and his tongue. "It was him who threatened me, and was the first to set upon me."

"Who are you?" demanded Austin of the tall man.

The tall man responded by a quiet laugh of derision. He felt himself perfectly secure from recognition in the dark obscurity, and though Mr. Clay was of powerful frame, more than a match for him in agility and strength, let him dare to lay a finger upon him, and there were plenty around to come to the rescue.

Austin may have heard the derisive laugh, subdued though it was. He took his hand from within the breast of his coat, and raised it with a hasty motion—not to deal a blow, not with a pistol to startle or menace, but with a dark lantern.

No pistol could have startled them as did that sudden flash of bright light, thrown full, as it was, upon the tall man's face. Off flew the man with a yell, and Austin coolly turned the lantern upon others.

"Bennet and Strood, and Ryan—and Cassidy!" he exclaimed, recognizing and telling off the men. "And you, Check! I never should have suspected you of such a cowardly rage to join in a thing of this nature."

Check, midway between shaking and tears, sobbed out that it was "the wife made him."

and Mrs. Check roared out from the rear. Yes, it was, and she'd have shook the bones of him if he hadn't come."

But that light, turning upon them every where, was more than they had bargained for, and the whole lot moved away in the best manner that they could, putting the stealthiest and quickest first foremost, each one devoutly hoping, save the few whose names had been mentioned, that his own face had not been recognized.

Austin, with some of his workmen who were pursuing the vanquished—raised Abel White. His head was cut, his body bruised, but no serious damage appeared to have been done. "Can you walk, with assistance, as far as Mr. Rice's shop?" asked Austin.

"I dare say I can, sir, in a minute, I'm a bit giddy now," was White's reply, as he leaned his back against the wall, being supported on either side. "Sir, what a mercy that you had that light with you!"

"Ay," shortly replied Austin. "Quite, there's the blood dripping upon your sleeve. I will band my handkerchief round your head, White. Meanwhile, one of you go and call a cab, it may be better that we get him once to the surgeon's."

A cab was brought, and White assisted into it. Austin accompanied him. Mr. Rice was at home, and proceeded to examine into the damage. A few days' rest from work, and a liberal application of sticking plaster, would prove efficacious in effecting a cure, he believed. "What a pity that the ruffians could be stopped at this game!" the doctor exclaimed to Austin. "It will come to attacks more serious, if they are not."

"I think this will do something towards stopping it," replied Austin.

"Why? Do you know any of them?"

Austin nodded. "A few. It is not a second case of impossible identity, as was Baxendale's."

"I'm sure I don't know how I am to go in home in this plight," exclaimed White, catching sight of his striped up face and head in a small looking glass hanging in Mr. Rice's surgery. "I shall frighten poor old father into a fit, and the wife too."

"I will go on first and prepare them," said Austin, good naturedly.

Turning out of the shop on this errand, he found the door blocked up. The door! may, the pavement—the street, for it seemed as if all Daffodil's Delight had collected there. He allowed his way through them, and reached White's home. There the news had preceded him, and he found the deepest distress and excitement reigning, the family having been informed that Abel was ill. Austin reassured them, made light of the matter, and departed.

Outside their closed-up home, squatting on the narrow strip of pavement, their backs against the dirty wall, were Mrs. Dunn and her children, howling pitifully. They were surrounded with warm patissons, who spent their breath sympathizing with them, and abusing the landlord.

How much better that they should go into the workhouse, exclaimed Austin. "They will perish with cold if they remain there."

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"And much your masters' but care," cried a woman, who overheard the remark. "I hope you are satisfied now with the effects of your fine lock out! Look at the poor creature, a sitting there with her helpless children."

"A sad sight," observed Austin, "but not the effects of the lock out. You must look nearer home."

To the intense edification of Daffodil's Delight, which had woken up in an unusually low and subdued state, there arrived, the following mid-day, certain officers, within its precincts holding warrants for the apprehension of some of the previous night's rioters. Bennett, Strood, Ryan, and Check were taken; Cassidy had disappeared.

"It's a shame to grab us," exclaimed timid Check, shaking from head to foot. "White himself said as we was not the ringleaders."

While these were secured, a policeman entered the home of Mr. Shuck, without so much as saying, with your leave, or by your leave. That gentleman, who had remained in doors all the morning, in a restless, hum-bled sort of mood, which imparted much surprise to Mrs. Shuck, was just sitting down to dinner in the bosom of his family, a savory dinner to judge by the smell, consisting of rabbit and onions.

"Now Sam Shuck, I want you," was the startling interruption.

Sam turned as white as a sheet. Mrs. Shuck stared, and the children stared.

"Want me, do you?" cried Sam, putting on a face as he could upon the matter.

"What do you want me for? To give evidence?"

"You know. It's about that row last night. I wonder you hadn't better regard for your liberty than to get into it."

"Why, you never was such a fool as to put yourself into that!" exclaimed Mrs. Shuck, in her surprise. "What could have possessed you?"

"I?" retorted Sam; "I don't know, any thing about the row, except what I've heard. I was a good mile off from the spot when it took place."

"All very well if you can convince the magistrates of that," said the officer. "Here's the warrant against you, and I must take you on it."

"I won't go," said Sam, showing fight. "I wasn't near the place, I say."

The officer was peremptory—officers generally are in these cases—and Sam was very foolish to resist. But that he was scared out of his senses, he would probably not have resisted. It only made matters worse, and the result was, that he had the handcuffs clapped on. Fanny Samuel Shuck, Esquire, in his crimson necktie with the lace ends, and the peg-tops, being thus escorted through Daffodil's Delight, himself and his hands puffed, and a tall length of the street streaming after him.

You could not have got into the police court. Every avenue, every inch of ground

was occupied, for the men, both Unionists and non-Unionists, were greatly excited, and sought to hear the proceedings.

The five men were placed at the bar—Shuck, Bennett, Check, Ryan, and Strood, and Abel White and his bandaged head appeared against them.

The man gave his evidence. How he and others—but himself, he thought, more particularly—had been met by a crowd the previous night, upon leaving work; how the crowd had first threatened and then beaten him.

"Can you tell what their motive was for doing this?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes, sir. It was because I went back to work. I held out as long as I could, in obedience to the Trades' Union; but I began to think I was in error, and that I ought to return to work, which I did, a week ago. Since then, they have never let me alone. They have talked to me, threatened and persecuted me; but I would not listen; and last night they attacked me."

"What were the threats they used last night?"

"It was one man did most of the talking; a tall man in a cap and comforter, sir. The rest of the crowd abused me and called me names, but they did not utter any particular threat. This man said, would I promise and swear not to do any more work, in defiance of the Union; or else I should get every bone in my body smashed. He told me to remember how Baxendale had been served, and was lying with his ribs stove in. I refused; I said I would never belong to the Union again; and then he struck me."

"Here, putting his hand up to his forehead, 'The first blow staggered me, and took away my sight, and the second blow knocked me down. Half a dozen set upon me then, hitting and kicking me; the first kicked me also.'"

"Can you swear to that first man?"

"No, I can't, sir. I think he was disguised."

"Was it the prisoner, Shuck?"

White shook his head.

"It was just his height and figure, sir, but I can't be sure it was him. His face was partially covered, and it was nearly dark, besides, there are no lights about, just there. The voice, too, seemed disguised. I said so at the time."

"Can you swear to the others?"

"Yes, to all four of them," said White, stoutly. "They were not disguised at all, and I saw them after the light came, and knew their voices. They helped to beat me after I was on the ground."

"Did they threaten you?"

"No, sir. Only the first one did that."

"And him you cannot swear to? Is there any other witness who can swear to him?"

It did not appear that there was. Shuck addressed the magistrate, his tone one of injured innocence.

"It is not to be borne that I should be dragged up here like a felon, your worship. I was not near the place at the time; I am as innocent as your worship is. It is not likely I should lend myself to such a thing, my mission among the men is of a higher nature than that."

"Whether you are innocent or not, I do not know," said his worship; "but I do know that this is a state of things which cannot be tolerated. I will give my utmost protection to these workmen; and those who dare to interfere with them, shall be punished to the extent of the law, the ringleaders especially. A person has just as much right to come to me and say 'You shall not sit on that bench; you shall not transact the business of a magistrate, as you have to prevent these industrious men working to earn a living. It is monstrous.'"

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It was Austin Clay who came forward. He bowed to the magistrate, who bowed to him; they occasionally met at the house of Mr. Hunter. Austin was sworn, and gave his evidence up to the point when he turned the light of the lantern upon the tall assailant of White.

"Did you recognize the man?" asked the bench.

"I did. It was Samuel Shuck."

Sam gave a howl, protesting that it was not—that he was a mile away from the spot.

"I recognized him as perfectly as I recognize him at this moment," said Austin. "He had a woollen scarf on his chin, and a cap covering his ears, no doubt assumed for disguise, but I knew him instantly. What is more, he saw that I knew him, I am sure he did, by the way he slunk off."

"Did you take the lantern with you purposely?" asked the clerk of the court.

"I did," replied Austin. "A hint was given me in the course of yesterday afternoon, that an attack upon our men was in agitation. I determined to discover the ringleaders, if possible, did it take place, and not to let darkness baffle justice, as was the case in the attack upon Baxendale. For this purpose I put the lantern in readiness, and had the men watched when they left the yard. As soon as the assault began, my messenger returned to tell me."

"You hit upon a good plan, Mr. Clay," Austin smiled.

"I think I did," he answered.

The proceedings were pretty long, but they terminated at length. Bennett, Strood, and Ryan were condemned to pay a fine of 15 each, or be imprisoned for two months. Check managed to get off. Mr. Sam Shuck, to whom the magistrate was bitterly severe in his remarks—for he knew perfectly well that the man from the first—was sentenced to six months at the treadmill, without the option of a fine.

What a descent for slippery Sam!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Who is the most unpopular officer with some of the ladies?—General House.

The value of gambling apparatus seized by the police in New York by recent raids is estimated at \$1,000.

Victor Hugo has received about eighty thousand dollars for the copyright of "Les Misérables," his new romance.

KITTY'S CHOICE.

FROM "STREETS AND OTHER POEMS," BY L.

A wealthy old farmer was Absalom Lee. He had but one daughter, the mischievous Kitty.

So fair and so good and so gentle was she, That lovers came wooing from country and city.

The first and the boldest to ask for her hand Was a trimly dressed dandy who worshipped her—"Lin!"

She replied with a smile he could well understand, "That should marry no one for the sake of his skin."

The next was a merchant from business retired, Rich, gouty and gruff, a presuming old sinner; Young Kitty's fair form and sweet face he admired.

And thought to himself, "I can easily win her." So he showed her his palace, and made a bluff bow,

And said she

FROM THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CAROLINE A. BELL.
The Adiphaea, April, 1892.

BY MRS. WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST
LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. JENKINS ALIVE AGAIN.

"My appetite will come back to me in a
few days or two," he deprecatingly ob-

"What's amiss," he seems to say, "I am not ill," related Mr. Roland, with his customary politeness. "Hallo, Jenkins!" he said to my son. "By the accounts brought here, I thought you were not going to leave a load on your shoulders for six months to come."

What else should I be likely to allude sharply answered Mr. Galloway. But the post office must be cheeky to it off hand I dashed Roland. How is the

"I put the bank note in the letter," of course I did, sir. I was standing by you when you did it. I had remarked by your bringing you the note from this room."

"But the note inside and fastened down envelope," said Mr. Fox, "very tempting."

CHAPTER XIX

THE LOSS

The fact is, sir, I was not here last afternoon, during Channing's hour of office."

"What not at a?" exclaimed Mr. G.

Mr. G. was with lowly officials.

You'd afford you satisfaction to know, Roland?" And Roland wheeled round a start, for it was the voice of Mr. Gally. He had followed them into the front and caught the latter part of the conversation. "Come, sir," he added, "I will

Mr. Galloway admitted that facts were facts, but he could not be brought to allow

[illegible]

